

### THE OLD VALENTINE.

A souvenir of the bygone years,  
Breathing old odors faint as musk  
Which roses spill in dew and dusk;  
Its blazoned pages dulled by tears;  
Its faded Cupid drooping low,  
With broken wing and rusty bow;  
A leaf of life turned old and dear,  
Yet still she holds it sweet and dear,  
For love embalms each simple line  
Of that old, faded valentine.

She pores upon the cherished page—  
A lily past her morning glow,  
But fair as in the long ago,  
To such as she what matters age,  
Whose love is ageless, and whose truth  
Makes in her soul eternal youth?  
Still unforgetten kisses thrill  
With rapture her swift pulses; still  
She cries: "How bright this world would be  
Could you, O Love, come back to me,  
As once my own and only mine,  
My bonny knight and valentine!"

"The fault was mine—oh, hapless fate!  
To learn our needs and blame too late,  
When prayers and tears cannot atone  
For wrong and sorrow dealt our own!"  
But, lo, a tread of eager feet  
Fringes something strange and sweet!  
He comes, forgiven, to forgive!  
"Sweetheart, to love that is to live,  
And love like ours can never die."  
Nor need to voice her heart's reply!  
More eloquent the dumb, dear sign  
Of that long treasured valentine.  
—New York Ledger.

### THE TRAINED SEALS.

#### CAPTAIN WESTON TELLS ABOUT HIS THREE PERFORMERS.

How He and a Famous German Fisherman Captured Bobby, Bibby and Tommy. Some of Their Tricks—They Live Upon Salt Water Fish.

Of all the different animals that go to make up the animal kingdom a fish is perhaps the strangest that should be chosen for training, yet the acts done by the three seals under Captain Weston's guidance show that even a fish can do wonderful things. Those now performing every day are the oldest seals in captivity. Seals are extremely delicate, and they rarely live away from their native sea and rocks for more than a year, and yet these seals, Bobby, Bibby and Tommy, have been performing regularly for six years. Their longevity is undoubtedly due to the fact that they receive great care.

The exact spot of the birthplace of these seals is not known, but when they were youngsters they were found on one of the islands off Coxhaven in Germany. The German government does all it can to protect its fisheries, and as seals are a constant menace to fish the government pays a reward of 5 marks for the capture of each seal. There is a famous seal fisherman in Germany named Worthman, and when Captain Weston, who had been on many sealing and whaling expeditions in the North sea, determined that he would give up the life of a sailor and become a landlubber it occurred to him that the training of seals would be novel and profitable. He went to Worthman, and together they captured the three sleek little fellows. There are many islands outside of Coxhaven, and one of the smallest was chosen. In describing the capture Captain Weston said:

We stretched the net on one side of one of the smaller islands and then went to the others and shot off pistols and made a noise, driving many seals into the water and against the net. We had to work very quickly, because the seals dived down and became entangled in the net, and a seal will drown if kept five minutes under water. When we finally pulled them up, we found that we had about 20 seals, but when they found themselves altogether they became enraged and fought among themselves, biting, scratching and tearing, even killing one another, until there were only three left, and these three are the same three I have today.

One has only a faint idea of the amount of patience which it requires to teach a fish, for such a seal really is. It looks easy to see one of my seals play the banjo or a harp, but it took me three months of hard work every day to teach them to do this even in an imperfect manner, and the only reason that I can give is that they have been at it long enough to learn.

I have never before known a seal to live in captivity over one year, and yet I have had mine many times that. I am often surprised at their intelligence. Especially is this true of Bobby, the clown. I believe that that fish understands humor, because he does things at times which actually make me laugh, to say nothing about the audience. He is the best seal I ever had, the best I ever will have, and I think that he has an affection for me, and that he knows almost everything that I say to him.

Yes, the care of seals is a great one. I keep them in a tank, and above the water is a shelf for them to lie on when they feel so inclined. This water is changed three times a day, and 20 pounds of salt are put into the water at each change, for a seal cannot live in fresh water, you know. They are as plump and fat today as they were lying on their native rocks in the North sea, and they know a great deal more about the world than they otherwise would have known. It may surprise some people, but it is nevertheless a fact, that these three seals eat 500 pounds of fish a week. They will only eat sea-fish, such as herring or flounder, and I attribute their long life to the fact that I am very careful with their food. The fish are washed and cleaned and the heads cut off just as carefully and just as cleanly as though going on a hotel table. The seal does not chew a fish,

but swallows it whole, and it would surprise you to see how a great mass of fish will disappear when three seals get at it. All the accomplishments of these seals are not shown. They have been taught water tricks. I can throw a 10 cent piece into a tank of water, and, small as the piece is and flat as it lies on the bottom, at a word of command any one of my seals will dive for it and get it. This I do not show in public, because the tank is an unwieldy thing to keep about.

Have they ever bitten me? Yes, several times, and the seal's bite is a nasty one. The last time was when I placed the tambourine in front of Bibby. Without warning he grabbed me by the arm, and I certainly thought he would take a big piece out of it before I could strike him let go, and I was obliged to strike him very severely before I could get him to let loose. My seals to me are great pets, and I think as much of them as I would of a child, for their great, big, intelligent eyes look up into mine with an expression which tells me if they only knew how they would certainly talk to me.—New York Tribune.

#### Remarkable Stalactite Caves in Utah.

Two of the most wonderful stalactite caves in the world are located within the territory of Utah—one five miles south of Toquerville and the other 25 miles west of St. George. Neither is remarkable on account of size, and to the best of my knowledge the dignifying title of "cavern" has never been bestowed upon either of the two. They simply come within the category of the wonderful because of the immense number of stalactites of various sizes and colors which depend from their roofs. The first, the one near Toquerville, is known as La Virgin, and the other by the name of the Black Warrior.

The Virgin was discovered a few years ago by the contractor of an irrigating company, who was engaged in driving a tunnel through a mountain called "La Virgin Bench" for the purpose of tapping the river beyond. When the light was first let into this wonderful underground chamber, the effect is said to have been startling, the roof and floor glittering with cubes and points of crystal alum and the roof studded with millions of rain colored stalactites.

The "Black Warrior" cave is a counterpart of the Virgin and was discovered by miners at a point where their tunnel was 365 feet beneath the surface.—St. Louis Republic.

#### Ex-Presidents in Politics.

Several of the presidents have remained in active politics after retirement from the White House. Buchanan was elected president at 66 and retired at the age of 70. Tyler was a member of the provisional confederate congress at the age of 71. John Adams, at 85 years of age, was a delegate to the convention for revising the constitution of Massachusetts. John Quincy Adams was elected to congress by the anti-Mason party when he was 64, and he remained in congress for a period of 17 years. He died in the hall of the house. James Monroe retired from the presidency at 67, was a regent of the University of Virginia with Madison and Jefferson at 68, but declined to serve as an elector from Virginia at 70 on the ground that an ex-president should not be a partisan, but afterward acted as a local magistrate and was a member of the constitutional convention of Virginia. Andrew Jackson was 70 when he left the White House.—Washington Star.

#### Humorous Tribes.

The floating bits of humor to be picked up on many a random page of literature are enough to convince us that the world is a blithesome sort of place after all.

Chief Justice Rushe and Lord Norbury were walking together in the old times and came upon a gibbet.

"Where would you be," asked Norbury, pointing to the gibbet, "if we all had our deserts?"

"Faith," was the reply, "I should be traveling alone!"

O'Connell's cutting description of Lady H— is worth a dozen ordinary witticisms. "She had all the qualities of the kitchen poker without its occasional warmth."

Then take the remark of Sydney Smith in regard to a very attractive and dashing widow. "When Mrs. H— appears in the neighborhood, the whole horizon is darkened with majors!"—Youth's Companion.

#### A Hero.

Of all the wretchedly underpaid American consuls we think the case of our representative at Santos, Brazil, is the worst. This unfortunate individual—a Maine man—receives the meager salary of \$1,500 a year. His expenses are \$3,000 a year. He has buried his vice consul, has had yellow fever twice himself, resigns periodically, but still sticks pluckily to his post, waiting for his successor to be appointed and, what is more important, to accept the appointment. This consul deserves well of his country.—Bath Times.

#### The Curse Omitted.

An English paper says that on every Christmas day since the Napoleonic invasion of Russia in 1812 a prayer has been recited in all the churches of the czar's empire, calling down the curses of heaven upon the French. Indeed the anathema formed part of the Christmas day liturgy of the orthodox church. But on last Christmas day, Russia and France having become friendly, the czar ordered the cursing prayer to be omitted.

### A NOVEL RACING MATCH.

#### Tobogganing Down a Run on Rocking Horses to Decide a Wager.

There is no knowing what an Englishman will not do to decide a bet. Men have jumped across dining tables, mounted upon untractable steeds—yep, and even kissed their own mothers-in-law—in order to settle a wager. In fine, it ought to be an established maxim among us by this time that, given a certain number of impossibilities and an equal number of young Englishmen, those impossibilities will not long remain such, provided they be made the subjects of bets.

One of those incidents which go a long way toward justifying the reputation which as a nation of madmen we have earned among foreigners occurred at St. Moritz when, "in order to settle a bet," Lord William Manners and the Hon. H. Gibson agreed to go down the village "run" mounted on rocking horses in place of ordinary toboggans. A feature of the race was that both competitors were "attired in full hunting kit," and as elaborate preparations had been made for the contest and rumor of the affair had been industriously noised abroad the crowd which had assembled to witness it was both large and distinguished.

The start was fixed for 12 o'clock, and shortly before that hour the shouts of the spectators announced that the horses were off. Unlike the custom in toboggan races, both started at the same time. In the first course Lord William Manners led as far as a certain angle of the "run" called Casper's Corners, from the fact that a hotel of that name is situated close by, but "taking it rather high Mr. Gibson passed cleverly on the inside, which he maintained to the finish," Lord William being summarily dismissed from his fractious steed's back some distance to the bad from the winning post.

In the second course Lord William Manners again had the advantage as far as Casper's Corners, where Mr. Gibson again tried to pass him on the inside, but being jockeyed by his opponent his horse swung round and proceeded down the run tail foremost, but leading. The merriment of the spectators at this stage of the proceedings may be more easily imagined than described, nor did it abate in the least when Mr. Gibson, dismounting, seized it unceremoniously by the nose and turned it into the way it should go.

Meanwhile Lord William Manners had suffered disappointment a second time, for in attempting to "take"—to use a true hunting term—a particularly awkward part of the "run" called Belvedere Corner his horse refused to respond to its rider's exertions to get it successfully over the obstacle, and horse and jockey came down to the ground in one tumultuous somersault together.

Lord William's discomfiture proved to be Mr. Gibson's opportunity. The time and ground that the former had lost by his involuntary flight through the air were never recovered. Mr. Gibson, with the position of his horse reversed and his legs thrust scientifically in front of him, rode easily and triumphantly forward and eventually reached the winning post some seconds in advance of his opponent.—Alpine Post.

#### His "Love" Test.

The story is related of a bishop who came to one of our state prisons and was told: "No need of you here, sir. We have eight preachers safely locked up who are brought out each Sabbath to minister to their fellow prisoners." If this appear a doubtful tale, it can be varied with the following about a young lady Sunday school teacher who has a class of rather bright boys averaging between 7 and 9 years.

Recently she requested each pupil to come on the following Sunday with some passage of Scripture bearing upon love. The lads heeded the request and in turn recited their verses bearing upon that popular subject, such as "Love your enemies," "Little children, love one another," etc. The teacher said to the boy whose turn came last, "Well, Robbie, what is your verse?" Raising himself up he responded: "Song of Solomon, second chapter, fifth verse, 'Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love.'"—Exchange.

#### Color and Warmth.

The color of materials has some influence on the warmth of the clothing. Black and blue absorb heat freely from without, but white and light shades of yellow, etc., are far less absorbent. This difference can be demonstrated by experiment. The same material, when dyed with different colors, will absorb different amounts of heat. In hot countries white coverings are universally worn, and sailors and others wear white clothing in hot weather.

With regard, however, to heat given off from the body the color of the materials used as clothing makes little if any difference. Red flannel is popularly supposed to be warm, though it is no better in this respect than similar materials of equal substance, but white or gray in color. Dark clothing is best for cold weather, because it more freely absorbs any heat that is obtainable.—Fortnightly Review.

#### Women as Conductors.

Mr. Harry Furniss, in The St. James Budget, comes out as an advocate of feminine bus conductors. He asks, "Is it not time the rude male conductor was abolished and girls employed instead?"

### HOTELS FOR THE POOR.

#### HOW THE HOMELESS ARE CARED FOR IN GLASGOW.

Municipal Lodging Houses Minus the Sting of Charity—No Chance For Politics In It. The Saturday Night Entertainments and How They Are Conducted.

One Saturday in Glasgow I tramped about the poorer portions of the town till midnight, first in company with the head of a municipal department and afterward with an estimable bailie who is renowned in the town for his opposition to all things alcoholic. My tour began soon after dusk, which comes astonishingly early in these northern latitudes, giving one hardly time to salute the sun between dawn and dark. Our points of call in the earlier half of our expedition were the municipal lodging houses, those places of agreeable refuge which the city established 20 years ago for the purpose of selling decent shelter to the lower elements of its floating population.

On Saturday night in winter time some form of entertainment is devised for the 2,000 municipal lodgers. The entertaining talent volunteers for the performance. It is part of the duty of the city committee having in charge these hotels for the poor to secure on Saturdays the assistance of amateurs who can sing or dance or tell a story or give an athletic show. There are seven municipal lodging houses, and in the recreation rooms of each these Saturday night pleasures are conducted. Every concert, or magic lantern show, or whatever it may be, is presided over by a chairman, who volunteers for the purpose from the members of the city government.

The gentlemen so presiding are not municipal politicians, because, as I have previously explained, they have in Glasgow no municipal politics, but merely an administration. Mr. Chairman, therefore, is not in quest of votes, and if he were his services in a lodging house would ill requite him. Nor is there any appearance of charity, condescension, nor any other untoward thing in this business. The entertainment is carried on very much as a concert is aboard an Atlantic liner—with this exception, that no collection is made. The municipality is put to no expense in the matter, and it may be assumed that the chairmen are put to no inconvenience. They are usually men who devote a large part of their lives to philanthropic work.

A Saturday night's audience at one of these municipal lodging houses comprises a wide assortment of characters and a considerable distribution of race. There are sailors who have got hard up in port, soldiers recently discharged. There are poor devils who are spending their last pennies for shelter and food, which will take them over to the Monday morning, when they may be able to pick up somewhere a few pennies enough to last them over another night. And there are laborers in regular employment, artisans, too, who are not hard up, but who are lodging here while they are at work in the town. There are of course men who have seen better days and men who by no possibility can ever see any worse ones. Some are here from necessity, some from motives of economy, and all of them are fairly comfortable while they are here.

The Saturday night entertainments are voluntary altogether. The entertainers give their services, and the audiences are not asked for a penny. There were from 200 to 350 men in each of the recreation rooms which we visited, and hearty applause gave evidence of the delight of the men, who appeared to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

A municipal lodging house is a large, well lighted and well ventilated building. At the entrance there is an office, where the applicant for lodging pays his 3d. or 4d. and receives a ticket entitling him to the privileges of the house. On the ground floor there are three large apartments, one used as a sort of eating room, another as a sitting room, another as a kitchen. The lodgers supply their own food and cook it themselves, having the free use of the kitchen fires and the steam heaters for this purpose. The house is in charge of a superintendent, with several assistants.

At 8 o'clock in the evening the dormitories are opened. These dormitories are spacious rooms divided by partitions 8 or 9 feet high into small compartments, each compartment containing a bed arranged in the fashion of a stateroom berth on an Atlantic liner. The only difference between the three pence half-penny and the fourpence halfpenny accommodation is that the higher price entitles the lodger to an extra blanket. Lodgers are admitted to bed until about 1 a. m. They must arise not later than 8 o'clock in the morning. The premises are kept scrupulously clean by the staff of assistants. A well fitted laundry attached to the place is constantly at work washing the bedding.—Cor. Boston Herald.

#### Count Primoli's Camera.

Count Primoli is a familiar figure in Parisian society, spending a portion of the season each year at the hospitable house of his aunt, Princess Mathilde, in whose salons he formed the acquaintance and acquired the warm friendship of the popular novelist, Paul Bourget. He is noted as being, with the possible exception of the Duc de Morny, the most successful amateur photographer in Europe, and has spent enormous sums on various perfected apparatus connected with this particular fad.—New York Herald.

### UNCLE SAM'S WARSHIPS.

#### Fitting One of Them For a Cruise Costs a Small Fortune.

Furniture and supplies for Uncle Sam's new war vessels cost a mint of money. To fit out one of these ships for a cruise is a bigger job than equipping a first class hotel. Here is a floating fortress as long as two city blocks, with all modern conveniences and complete restaurant facilities, lighted throughout by electricity—a gigantic fighting machine and military barracks combined. Her steel walls, bristling with guns, shelter a small army of men. The New York, for example, has a crew numbering 453, besides 40 marines and 44 officers. To feed them all for a twelvemonth at the government's rate of allowance costs \$60,000.

On going into commission such a ship must be furnished throughout, from the kitchen, which is as complete as that of a great city hotel, to the captain's cabin. She carries large stocks of stationery, hardware and apothecaries' goods, and is provided with tools of all sorts of trades. Everything conceivable that may be needed for purposes of war and peace is supplied, because on the high seas no shops or factories are accessible. Usually the vessel is provisioned for only three months, because there is no room to stow more. The rations are purchased by the navy department and comprise such necessities as hard bread, cornmeal, oatmeal, hominy, flour, salt pork, beans, peas, rice, preserved meats, butter, coffee and tea.

Every man in the navy, from the last boy shipped up to the admiral, has an allowance of 30 cents a day for rations, which he may draw either in food or in money. The paymaster of the ship has charge of all the provisions, which are dealt out by his "yeoman," who is in turn assisted by the jack-o'-dust. The person last named attends to opening the barrels and packages. Coffee and sugar are served out once in 10 days, flour every four days and meats daily. While in port fresh provisions are furnished, each man receiving one pound of fresh bread, 1 1/2 pounds of fresh meat and one pound of fresh vegetables per diem. These take the place of the ordinary rations, only tea and coffee being provided in addition. The allowance is at all times so liberal that the enlisted men cannot possibly consume the whole of it, so they take part of it in cash.—Philadelphia Times.

#### The Way They Do It.

A little man with a sad face, a thin suit of clothes, a skullcap and a weak voice stood near the east end of the Madison street bridge holding out a bundle of shoestrings toward the passerby. A policeman came along—one of the large, two breasted kind.

"Got a license?" he asked.

The man with the shoestrings unbuttoned his coat with the left hand and showed the badge, which was attached to his vest. In the meantime he looked up at the policeman. His expression was one of mingled awe, fear and apprehension.

"Give me a pair," said the policeman, pulling out two strings from the bundle.

"Yes, sir," said the peddler.

"Better make it two," said the man who represented the dignity and majesty of the law.

"All right, sir," said the shoestrapping man, his voice weaker than ever.

The policeman rolled up the four strings, buried them in his pocket and went on.

"Did he pay you?" asked a man who was standing in a doorway.

"Him pay?" said the man with the shoestrings. "Dat copper pay for his shoestrings? I guess not. What makes me sure is that he don't belong on this beat at all. I never saw him before."

"Why didn't you make him pay you?"

"What's the use? He would have tipped me off to some other cop, and I'd got the run. If they want anything, you've got to give it to them, that's all there is about it."—Chicago Record.

#### One of the Best.

"The best compliment I ever had," said a well known lawyer the other day, "was paid by an old lady in an adjacent town, where I once went to take part in a Fourth of July celebration. I was a young man and always availed myself of every chance I got to spout. That day I was on the programme to read the Declaration of Independence, and I put all the power I had into the lines.

"When the exercises were over, an old lady, who was arrayed in her finest, came up to me and said, 'That is one of the best declarations of independence I ever heard; you must have spent a powerful long time writin' it.'"—Philadelphia Call.

#### Savagery in Hawaii.

Adolph Marcuse, a European traveler, describes in a vivid way the savagery which yet prevails in some portions of the Hawaiian Islands. In a visit to the crater of Kilanea he was accompanied by several natives. When night came, they threw into the crater as offerings sacred berries and live fowls, at the same time singing a monotonous chant to Pele, the fire goddess.

#### A Contributors' Club.

"Have you a Contributors' club here?" asked the author.

"We have," replied the weary editor. "John, hit him a clip with that hickory!"—Atlanta Constitution.

#### Notebooks Not Allowed.

"He was the best surveyor and draftsman in my employ," said a well known civil engineer, referring to a man whom he had just discharged. "I discovered a short time ago that he was keeping a private notebook, and after notifying him that he must stop it and again learning that he was continuing the practice I was obliged to discharge him.

"A surveyor," said he, "in doing a piece of work makes minutes as he goes along of the lines he runs, of the various points marking the bounds of the lands he is surveying and all such data as is not only necessary for the drawing of his plans, but also incidentally that which may aid him in the case of any other survey being made later on.

"This data, you see, really constitutes a sort of capital or stock in trade, for if the party owning the land ever wishes another survey of it for any purpose he will naturally apply to that same surveyor, who, having these old memoranda, can do the work easier and more cheaply than any other surveyor. Oftentimes, after many years have elapsed and old landmarks have passed away, these minutes become very valuable.

"Consequently a civil engineer always wishes to keep these in his own hands, and men in his employ are not allowed to make copies of minutes of surveys which they make while in his employ. Otherwise an old employe, in leaving and setting up in business for himself, could carry away a large slice of his employer's business."—New York Herald.

#### He Was Satisfied.

The old boarder, after an experience of 20 years or more, at last got into a place which seemed to him to be as near the ideal as he cared about. When he had been there a week, he went one night to a religious service, and one of the workers approached him.

"Are you a Christian?" was the first question.

"I hope so," he replied humbly, "though I don't belong to the church."

"Ah, my friend, there is where you are wrong."

"Possibly I am."

"Don't you feel that you are a sinner?"

"Well, I'm not perfect, I suppose."

"Don't you want to go to heaven?"

The old boarder braced up.

"If you'd asked me that 10 days ago," he said, "I should have answered 'yes' promptly, but now I'm in a boarding house where they don't have stewed prunes, skim milk, hash, paralytic coffee, dried apple pies, sodded napkins, tough meat, a piano on each floor, gossiping boarders and a lot more discomforts, and I'm afraid to take any risk in leaving it."

—Detroit Free Press.

#### Blunders of Painters.

Tinoret, an Italian painter, in a picture of the "Children of Israel" gathering manna, has taken the precaution to arm them with the modern invention of guns. Ciglioli painted the aged Simeon at the circumcision of the infant Saviour, and as aged men in these days wear spectacles the artist has shown his sagacity by placing them on Simeon's nose. In a picture by Verrio of "Christ Healing the Sick" the lookers on are represented as standing with periwigs on their heads. To match, or rather exceed, this ludicrous representation, Durar has painted "The Expulsion of Adam and Eve From the Garden of Eden" by an angel in a dress fashionably trimmed with flounces. The same painter, in his scene of "Peter Denying Christ," represents a Roman soldier very comfortably smoking a pipe of tobacco.—Exchange.

#### Why She Stopped.

Marie—Professor, I did enjoy my Spanish lessons so much, but I have to give them up because eggs are so high.

Professor (in profound astonishment)—Because eggs are so high!

Marie—Yes. You see I learned to ask for eggs in Spanish bean-ti-fully, and then, of course, we had to have them three times a day so I could ask for them.

—New York Times.

#### In the Fashion.

Mrs. Jackson Parke—What in the world is keeping you up so late?

Mr. Jackson Parke—I am writing an article for the papers on "How I Killed My First Hog." These literary chaps, with their stories of how they wrote their first books, are not going to have the field all to themselves, not by a jugful.—Indianapolis Journal.

#### Caught a Prize.

Father—I've just found out that the strange young man who comes to see you has been borrowing money right and left.

Daughter—Isn't that lovely? He must be a nobleman in disguise.—New York Weekly.

Not less than 1,500 people were trampled to death in the crowds which gathered at the fetes given in celebration of the marriage of Louis XVI of France, June 21, 1770.

Loring says that during 88 years in one western state, whose name he does not give, the number of mortgages executed was 200,000 and their nominal value \$180,000,000.

In the Aldrich collection in the Iowa state capitol building there is a butterfly that \$1,000 wouldn't touch. There is only one other like it known in the world.

French way of complimenting the old lady. "Ah, madame, you grow every day to look more like your daughter."